

Daily Sentinel.

W. R. NELSON, S. E. MORRIS, PUBLISHERS.

OFFICIAL PAPER—CITY AND COUNTY

Publication Office—New Sentinel Building, No. 107 Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind.
TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:
Daily, 5c a month; Weekly, 15c; Single copies, 2c each; Weekly, 6c; 15c.

The democrats of the new eleventh district find themselves weighted down, from the start, with a surplus of available congressional timber. Adams county is represented by Judge STUDEBAKER, Huntington by MILLIGAN, SLACK and MCGOUGH; Wabash by Maj. KIDD, Miami by Col. FARRAR, JOHN L. FARRAR, JOHN D. COX, JOHN A. MITCHELL and CHAS. EMERICK, Howard by AD. ARMSTRONG, and Wells by HUGH DOUGHERTY. The Bluffton Banner says that DOUGHERTY will carry all the counties of the old twelfth district that are now in the eleventh, and that he is the man to carry the new district. Mr. DOUGHERTY is an able and brilliant young man and would make his mark if he were sent to congress.

The Indianapolis Sentinel seems determined to terrify FRANKLIN LANDERS down the throats of the Indiana democracy next year as their candidate for governor, whether or no. The Sentinel reports a yearning for LANDERS among the democrats all over the state, but we must confess that we have failed, thus far, to detect the "boom" in this direction. It is possible that Mr. LANDERS may, when the time comes, prove the best and most available man for the position; but in the meantime the democracy of the state will canvass thoroughly the claims of the other gentlemen who have been mentioned in connection with the position. Men like Judge HOLMAN, Judge NEW, Col. GREY and others of that stamp can't be choked down by the Indianapolis Sentinel in the interest of FRANK LANDERS or any other man.

The recent letter of Judge DAVID DAVIS, in response to the congratulatory resolutions adopted by the democratic members of the Illinois legislature, has attracted the earnest attention of the country. The letter is full of political wisdom and sound statesmanship. It is as follows:

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I am in favor of the perfect freedom of elections from the interference or the presence of any part of the army at the polls, because that opinion was emphatically expressed on the floor of the senate. This is a government of legal authority, founded on the constitution, and therefore the power of a species of tyrannical rule is forbidden in England and wherever else the parliamentary principle is respected. Very truly, David Davis.

To William A. Day and Hon. Charles Robinson.

Aid for Archbishop Purcell.
The address of Cardinal McGlosky to the prelates of the Catholic Church assembled in New York in behalf of Archbishop Purcell, is published. It recites the facts in his case and the amount of his indebtedness, and, after paying a tribute to the honesty and faithfulness of the venerable archbishop, call upon all the churches to contribute annually to his relief until his indebtedness is entirely met, according to a compromise proposed. It is reported that more than \$100,000 has already been given for the purpose.

Absolutely free from morphia and other dangerous agents Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is valued most highly as a remedy for the disorders of babyhood. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

A Wonderful Discovery.
For the speedy cure of Consumption and all diseases that lead to it, such as stubborn coughs, neglected colds, bronchitis, asthma, pain in the side and chest, dry hacking cough, tickling in the throat, hoarseness, sore throat and all chronic and lingering diseases of the throat and lungs, Dr. King's New Discovery has no equal and has established for itself a world wide reputation. Many leading physicians recommend and use it in their practice. The formula from which it is prepared is highly recommended by all medical journals. The clergy and the press have complimented it in the most glowing terms. Go to your druggist and get a trial bottle free of cost or a regular size for \$1.00. For sale by Dreier & Bro., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Thrown From a Train.—John Gaffney, fireman of engine 47 on the Shore Line Railroad of New Haven, Ct., was thrown from the engine against a rock, while the train was going at the rate of 35 miles an hour. He was all but killed, yet, thanks to Giles' Liniment Iodine Ammonia, recovered completely in four days. Giles' Pills cure Liver Complaint. Sold by all druggists. Send for pamphlet. Dr. GILES, 120 West Broadway, N. Y. Trial size 25 cents.

Chew Jackson's best sweet Navy Tobacco.

We have long wanted a safe and reliable remedy for the care of Chills and Fever. Quinine will cure it, but it disturbs the head and the fever returns. Now, we see that Messrs. Wheelock, Finlay & Co., publish the composition of their Dr. F. Willott's Anti-Periodic or Fever and Ague Tonic, which is guaranteed a specific for the cure of Chills and Fever, Dumb Chills and all other diseases produced by malaria. Try it. It can be found in every drug store.

IN MEMORY.

From out the window of the past
A sunny face I see,
With azure eyes, which brighten all
The way between them and me,
With shining bands of golden hair,
Life sunlight on her head—
Alas! alas! and yesterday
They told me she was dead.

How can we, O my heart, believe
That, save in memory,
That beautiful face full of love,
With smile and dimpled cheek,
How can we think the spring will put
Her broidered raiment on,
And she the fairest flower of all—
The whole earth will be gone—
That ne'er her song at even hour
Will thrill us as of yore?
O me, to live through coming years
And hear her voice no more!
No more to see, save sometimes in
Thought's window just ajar,
The sunny face whose gladsome smile
Was brighter than a star.

BEBEE,
OR
TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

A STORY.

By "QUINA,"
AUTHOR OF "STRATHMORE," "TRI-
LITON," "UNDER TWO FLAGS," "IDALIA,"
"PASCAREL," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

The two years had not been all playtime, any more than they had been all summer.

When one has no father, or mother, or brother, and all one's friends have barely bread enough for themselves, life cannot be very easy, nor its crusts very many at any time.

Beebe had a cherub's mouth, and a dreamer's eyes, and a poet's thoughts sometimes in her own untutted and unconscious fashion.

But all the same she was a little hard-working Brabant peasant girl; whilst the birds twittered in the dark; to bed when the red sun sank beyond the far blue line of the plains; she hoed, and dug, and watered, and planted her little plot; she kept her cabin as clean as a fresh-blossomed primrose; she milked her goat, and swept her floor; she sat, all the warm days, in the town, selling her flowers, and in the winter-time, when her garden yielded her nothing, she strained her sight over lace making in the city to get the small bit of food that stood between her and that hunger which to the poor means death.

A hard life; very hard when hail and snow made the streets of Brussels like slopes of ice; a little hard even in the gay summer-time when she sat under the awning fronting the Maison du Roi; but all the time the child thrived on it, and was happy, and dreamed of many graceful and gracious things whilst she was weeding among her lilies, or tracing the threads to and fro on her lace pillow.

Now—when she woke to the full sense of her wonderful sixteen years—Beebe, standing barefoot on the mud-floor, was as pretty a sight as was to be seen between Scheidt and Rhine.

The sun had only left a soft warmth like an apricot on her white skin. Her limbs, though strong as a mountain pony's, were slender and well shaped. Her hair curled in shiny ringlets, and her eyes, which were blue and clear, were framed by long, dark, and wavy eyelashes. Her pretty round plump little breast was white as the lilies in the grass without, and in this blooming time of her little life Beebe, in her way, was beautiful as a peach blossom is beautiful, and her innocent, courageous, happy eyes had dreams that went farther than the white clouds of summer.

She could not move among them idly as poets and girls love to do; she had to be active amidst them, else drought and rain, and worm and snail, and blight and frost would have made havoc of their fairest hopes.

The loveliest love is that which dreams high, unsoiled by all burdens; but perhaps the strongest love is that which, whilst it adores, drags its feet through mire, and burns its brow in heat, for the thing beloved.

So Beebe dreamed in her garden; but all the time for sake of it hoed and dug, and hurt her hands, and tired her limbs, and bowed her shoulders under the great metal pails from the well.

This wondrous morning, with the bright burden of her sixteen years upon her, she dressed herself quickly and fed her fowls, and happy as a bird, went to sit on her little wooden stool in the door-way.

There had been fresh rain in the night; the garden was radiant; the smell of the wet earth was sweeter than all perfumes that are burned in palaces.

The dripping rosebuds nodded against her hair as she went out; the starting called to her—"Beebe, Beebe—bonjour, bonjour." These were all the words it knew. It said the same words a thousand times a week. But to Beebe it seemed that the starting most certainly knew that she was sixteen years old that day.

Breaking her bread into the milk, she sat in the dawn and thought, without knowing that she thought it, "How good it is to live when one is young!"

Old people say the same thing often, but they sigh when they say it. Beebe smiled.

Mere Krebs opened her door in the next cottage, and nodded over the wall.

"What a fine thing to be sixteen!"—a merry ray, Beebe.

Martie, the carpenter's wife, came out from her gate, broom in hand.

"The holy saints keep you, Beebe; why, you are quite a woman now!"

The little children of Varnhart, the charcoal burner, who were as poor as any mouse in the old churches, rushed out of their little home up the lane, bringing with them a cake stuck full of sugar and seeds, and tied round with a blue ribbon, that their mother had made that very week, all in her honor.

"Only see Beebe! Such a grand cake!" they shouted, dancing down the lane. "Jules picked the plums, and Jeanne washed the almonds, and Christine took the ribbon off her own communion cap—all for you—all for you; but you will let us come and eat it too?"

Old grandmother Bishot, who was the oldest woman about Laeken, hobbled through the grass on her crutches and

nodded her white shaking head, and smiled at Beebe.

"I have nothing to give you, little one—except my blessing, if you care for that."

Beebe ran out, breaking from the children, and knelt down in the wet grass, and bent her pretty sunny head to the benediction.

Trine, the miller's wife, the richest woman of them all, called to the child from the steps of the mill.

"A merry year, and the blessing of Heaven, Beebe! Come up, and here is my first dish of cherries for you; not tasted one myself; they will make you a feast with Varnhart's cake, though she should have known better, so poor as she is. Charity begins at home, and these children's stomachs are empty."

Beebe ran up and then down again gleefully, with her lappet of big black cherries; Tambour, the old white dog, who had used to drag her about in his milk-cart, leaping on her in sympathy and congratulation.

"What a supper we will have!" she cried to the charcoal-burner's children, who were turning summersaults in the dock-leaves, while the swans stared and hissed.

When one is sixteen, cherries and cake have a flavor of Paradise still, especially when they are tasted twice, or thrice at most, in all the year.

An old man called to her as she went by his door. All these little cabins lie close together, with only their little apple-trees, or their tall beeches, or their heighens of thorn between them; you may ride by and never notice them if you do not look for them under the leaves closely, as you would for thrushes' nests.

He, too, was very old; a life-long neighbor and gossip of Antoine's; he had been a day-laborer in these same fields all his years, and had never traveled farther than where the red mill-sails turned among the colza and the corn.

"Come in, my pretty one, for a second," he whispered, with an air of mystery that made Beebe's heart quicken with expectancy. "Come in; I have something for you. They were my dear daughter's—you have heard me talk of her—Lizette, who died for me a year or more ago, they say; for me I think it was yesterday. Mere Krebs—she is a hard woman—heard me talking of my girl. She burst out laughing, 'Lord, sake, fool, why, your girl would be sixty now as she had lived.' Well, so it may be; you see, the now mill was put up the week she died, and you call the new mill old; but, my girl, she is young to me. Always young. Come here, Beebe."

Beebe went after him, a little awed at the dusky interior, that smelt of stored apples and of dried herbs that hung from the roof. There was a walnut-wood press, such as the peasants of France and the low countries keep their homespun linen in, and their old lace that serves for the nuptials and baptisms of half a score of generations.

The old man unlocked it with a trembling hand, and there came from it an odor of dead lavender and of withered rose-leaves.

On the shelves there were a girl's set of clothes, and a girl's sabots, and a girl's communion veil and wreath.

"They are all here," he whispered; "all here. And sometimes in the evening-time I see her coming along the lane for them—do you not know? There is nothing changed; nothing changed; the grass, and the trees, and the huts, and the pond are all here—why should she only be gone away?"

"Antoine is gone."

"Yes. But he was old; my girl was young."

He stood a moment, with the press-door open, a perplexed trouble in his dim eyes; the divine faith of love and the mule-like stupidity of ignorance made him cling to this one thought without power of judgment in it.

"They say she would be sixty," he said, with a little dreary smile. "But that is absurd, you know. Why she had cheeks like yours, and she would run—no laughing could fly faster over corn. These are her things, you see; yes—all of them. That is the spring of sweetbrier she wore in her belt the day before the wagon knocked her down and killed her. I have never touched the things. But look here, Beebe, you are a good child and true, and like her just a little. I mean to give you her silver clasps. They were her great-grandmother's before her. God knows how old they are not. And a girl should have some little wealth of that sort—for Antoine's sake."

The old man stayed behind, closing the press door upon the lavender-scented clothes, and sitting down in the dull shadow of the hut to think of his daughter, dead forty summers and more.

Beebe went out with the brave broad silver clasps about her waist, and the tears wet on her cheeks for a grief not her own.

To be killed just when one was young, and was loved like that, and all the world was in its May-day flower! The silver felt cold to her touch—as cold as though it was the dead girl's hands that held her.

The garlands that the children strung of daisies and hung about her had never chilled her so.

But little Jeanne, the youngest of the charcoal-burner's little tribe, running to meet her, screamed with glee, and danced in the gay morning.

"Oh, Beebe! how you glitter! Did the Virgin send you that off her own altar? Let me see—let me touch! Is it made of the stars or of the sun?"

And Beebe danced with the child, and the silver gleamed and sparkled, and all the people came running out to see, and the milk-carts were half an hour later for town, and the hens cackled loud unfed, and the men even stopped on their way to the fields and paused, with their scythes on their shoulders, to stare at the splendid gift.

"There is not such another set of clasps in Brabant; old work you could make a fortune of in the curiosity shops in the Montagne," said Trine Krebs, going up the steps of her mill-house. "But, all the same, you know, Beebe, things of a dead body bring mischance sometimes."

But Beebe danced with the child, and did not hear.

Whose fete day had ever begun like this one of hers?

She was a little poet at heart, and should not have cared for such vanities; but when one is only sixteen, and has only a little rough woolen frock, and sits in the marketplace or lace-room, with other girls around, how should one be altogether indifferent to a broad, embossed, beautiful shield of silver that sparkled with each step one took?

A quarter of an hour idle, thus was all, however, that Beebe or her friends could spare at 5 o'clock on a summer morning, when the city was waiting for its eggs, its honey, its flowers, its cream, and its butter, and Tambour was shaking his leather harness in impatience to be off with his milk-carts.

So Beebe, all holiday though it was, and heroine though she felt herself, ran in-doors, put up her cakes and cherries, cut her two-basketfuls out of the garden, locked her hut, and went on her quick and happy little feet along the grassy paths towards the city.

The sorting and tying up of the flowers she always left until she was sitting under the awning in front of the Broodhuis; the same awning, tawny as an autumn pear and weather-blown as an old sail, which had served to shelter Antoine Maes from heat and rain through all the years of his life.

"Go to the Madeleine, you will make money there, with your pretty blue eyes, Beebe," people had said to her of late; but Beebe had shaken her head.

Where she had sat in her babyhood at Antoine's feet, she would sit so long as she sold flowers in Brussels—here, underneath the shadow of the Gothic towers that saw Egmont die.

Old Antoine had never gone into the grand market that is fashioned after the Madeleine of Paris, and where in the cool, wet, sweet-smelling halls, all the flowers of Brabant are spread in bouquets fit for the bridal of Una, and large as the shield of the Red-Cross Knight.

Antoine could not compete with all those treasures of greenhouses and stove. He had always had his little stall among those which spread their tawny awnings and their merry hardy blossoms under the shadow of the Hotel de Ville, in the midst of the buyings and sellings, the games and the quarrels, the auctions and the cheap Johns, the mountebank, and the marriage-parties, that daily and hourly throng the Grande Place.

Here Beebe, from three years old, had been used to sit beside him. By nature she was as gay as a lark. The people always heard her singing as they passed the garden. The children never found their games so merry as when she danced their rounds with them; and though she dreamed so much on there in the air among the carnations and the roses, or in the long, low work-room in the town, high against the crocketed pinnacles of the cathedral, yet her dreams, if vaguely wistful, were all bright of hue and sunny in their phantasies. Still, Beebe had one unsatisfied wish; she wanted to know so much, and she knew nothing.

She did not care for the grand gay people.

When the band played, and the park filled, and the bright little cafes were thronged with pleasure-seekers, and the crowds flocked hither and thither to the woods, to the theatre, to the galleries, to the guinguettes, Beebe, going gravely along with her emptied baskets homeward, envied none of these.

When at Noel the little children hugged their loads of puppets and sugar-plums; when at Fete Dieu the whole people flocked out, be-ribboned and vari-colored like any bed of spring-anemones; when in the merry midsummer—the chairs-a-bancs trundled away into the forest with laughing loads of students; and maidens; when in the rough wipers the carriages left furred and jeweled women at the doors of the operas or the palaces—Beebe, going and coming through the city to her flower-stall or lace-work, looked at them all, and never thought of envy or desire.

She had her little hut; she could get her bread; she lived with the flowers; the neighbors were good to her, and now and then, on a saint's day, she too got her day in the woods; it never occurred to her that her lot could be better.

But sometimes sitting, looking at the dark old beauty of the Broodhuis, or at the wondrous carved fronts of other Spanish houses, or at the painted stories of the cathedral windows, or at the quaint colors of the shipping on the quay, or at the long dark aisles of trees that went away through the forest, where her steps had never wandered—sometimes Beebe would get pondering on all this unknown world that lay before and behind and around her, and a sense of her own utter ignorance would steal on her; and she would say to herself, "If only I knew a little—just a very little!"

But it is not easy to know even a very little when you have to work for your bread from sunrise to nightfall, and when none of your friends know how to read or write, and even your own priest is one of a family of peasants, and can just teach you the alphabet, and that is all. For Father Francis could do no more than this; and all his spare time was taken up in digging his cabbage-plot, and seeing to his beehives; and the only books that Beebe ever beheld were a few tattered lives of saints that lay moth-eaten on a shelf of his cottage.

But Brussels has stories that are serious, or rather that are quaint, touching, illuminated legends of the middle ages, which those who run may read.

Brussels is a gay little city that lies as bright within its girdle woodland as any butterfly that rests upon moss.

The city has its ways and wiles of Paris. It decks itself with white and gold. It has music under its trees and soldiers in its streets, and troops marching and countermarching along its sunny avenues. It has blue and pink, and yellow and green, on its awnings and on its house-fronts. It has a merry open-air life on its pavements at little marble tables before little gay-colored cafes. It has gilded

balconies, and tossing flags, and comic operas, and leisurely pleasure-seekers, and great crowds to believe and make the world believe that it is Paris in very truth.

But this is only the Brussels of the nobles and the foreigners.

There is a Brussels that belongs to the old burgher life, to the artists and the craftsmen, to the master-masons of the Moyan-ago, to the same spirit and soul that once filled the free men of Ghent and the citizens of Bruges and the besieged of Leyden, and the blood of Egmont and of Horne.

Down there by the water-side, where the old quaint walls lean over the yellow sluggish stream, and the green barrels of the Antwerp barges swing against the dusky piles of the crumbling bridges.

In the gray square desolate courts of the old palaces, where in cobwebbed galleries and silent chambers the Flemish tapestries drop to pieces.

In the great populous square, where, above the clamorous and rushing crowds, the majestic front of the Maison du Roi frowns against the sun, and the spires and pinnacles of the burgher-master's gathering-halls tower into the sky in all the fantastic luxuriance of Gothic fancy.

Under the vast shadowy wings of angels in the stillness of the cathedral, across whose sunny aisles some little child goes slowly all alone, laden with lilies for the Feast of the Assumption, till their white glory hides its curly head.

In all strange quaint old-world niches withdrawn from men in silent grass-grown corners, where a twelfth-century corbel holds a pot of roses, or a water-spout with a grinning faun's head laughs in the grim humor of the Moyan-age above the bent head of the young lace-worker.

In all these, Brussels, though more worldly than her sisters of Ghent and Bruges, and far more worldly yet than her Leuton cousins of Freiburg and Nurnberg, is still in her own way like a monkish story mixed up with the Romance of the Rose; or rather like some gay French vaudeville, all fashion and just illustrated in old Missal manner with helm and hauberk, cope and cowl, praying knights and fighting priests, winged Griffins and nimbused saints, flame-breathing dragons and enamored princes, all mingled together in the illuminated colors and the heretical grotesque romance of the Middle Ages.

And it was this side of the city that Beebe knew; and she loved it well, and would not leave it for the market of the Madeleine.

She had no one to tell her anything, and all Antoine had ever been able to say to her concerning the Broodhuis was that it had been there in his father's time; and regarding St. Gudule, that his mother had burned many a candle before its altars for a dead brother who had been drowned off the dunes.

But the child's mind, unled, but not misled, had pondered on these things, and her heart had grown to love them; and perhaps no student of Spanish architecture, no antiquary of Moyan-age relics, loved St. Gudule and the Broodhuis as little ignorant Beebe did.

There had been a time when great dark, fierce men had built these things and made the place beautiful. So much, she knew; and the little wistful, untutted brain tried to project itself into those unknown times, and failed, and yet found pleasure in the effort. And Beebe would say to herself as she walked the streets, "Perhaps some one will come some day who will tell me all these things."

Meanwhile, there were the bowers, and she was quite content.

Besides, she knew all the people: the old cobbler, who sat next her, and chattered all day long like a magpie; the tinker, who had come up many a summer night to drink a glass with Antoine; the Cleep John, who cheated everybody else, but who had always given her a toy or a trinket at every Fete Dieu; all the summers she had known; the little old woman, sour as a crab, who sold rosaries and pictures of saints, and little waxen Christs upon a tray; the big dogs who pulled the carts in, and lay panting all day under the rush-bottomed chairs on which the egg-wives and the fruit-sellers sat, and knitted, and chaffered; nay, even the gorgeous hussier and the frowning gendarme, who marshaled the folks into order as they went up for municipal registries, or for town misdemeanors. She knew them all; had known them all ever since she had first trotted in like a little dog at Antoine's heels.

So Beebe stayed there.

It is, perhaps, the most beautiful square in all Northern Europe, with its black timbers and gilded carvings, and blazoned windows, and majestic scutcheons, and fantastic pinnacles. That Beebe did not know, but she loved it, and she sat resolutely in front of the Broodhuis, selling her flowers, smiling, chatting, helping the old woman, counting her little gains, eating her bit of bread at noonday like any other market-girl, but at times glancing up to the stately towers and the blue sky with a look on her face that made the old tinker and cobbler whisper together, "What does she see there?—the dead people or the angels?"

The truth was that even Beebe herself did not know very surely what she saw—something that was still nearer to her than even this kindly crowd that loved her. That was all she could have said had anybody asked her.

But none did.

No one wanted to hear what the dead said; and for the angels, the tinker and the cobbler were of opinion that one had only too much of them sculptured about everywhere, and shining on all the casements—in reverence be it spoken, of course.

CHAPTER III.

"I remembered it was your name-day, child. Here are half a dozen eggs," said one of the hen-wives; and the little cross woman with the peddler's tray added a waxen St. Agnes, colored red and yellow to the very life; no doubt; and the old Cheap John had saved her a cage for the

staring; and the tinker had a cream-cheese for her in a vine-leaf, and the sweetmeat-seller brought her a beautiful gilded horn of sugar-plums, and the cobbler had made her actually a pair of shoes—red shoes; beautiful shoes to go to mass in, and be a wonder in to all the neighborhood. And they thronged around her, and adored the silver waist-buckles; and when Beebe got fairly to her stall, and traffic began, she thought once more that nobody's feast-day had ever dawned like hers.

When the chimes began to ring all over the city, she could hardly believe that the carillon was not saying its "Laus Deo" with some special meaning in its bells for her.

The morning went by as usual; the noise of the throngs about her like a driving of angry winds, but no more hurting her than the angels on the roof of St. Gudule are hurt by the storm when it breaks.

Hard work, fierce passions, low thoughts, evil deeds, passed by the child without resting on her; her heart was in her flowers, was like one of them with the dew of daybreak on it.

There were many strangers in the city, and such are always sure to loiter in the Spanish square; and she sold fast and well her lilies and her roses, and her knots of thyme and sweet-brier.

She was always a little sorry to see them go, her kindly pretty playmates that, nine times out of ten no doubt, only drooped and died in the hands of those that purchased them, as human souls soil and shrivel in the grasp of the passions that woo them.

The day was a busy one, and brought in good profit. Beebe had no less than fifty sous in her leather pouch when it was over—a sum of magnitude in the green lane by Laeken.

A few of her moss-roses were still unsold, that was all, when the Ave Marie began ringing over the town, and the people dispersed to their homes or their pleasure.

It was a warm gray evening; the streets were full; there were blossoms in all the balconies, and gay colors in all the dresses. The old tinker put his tools together, and whispered to her,

"Beebe, as it is your feast-day, come and stroll in St. Herbert's gallery, and I will buy you a little gift of heart, or a sugar-apple stick, or a ribbon; and we can see the puppet-show after, wards, eh?"

But the children were waiting at home; she would not spend the evening in the city; she only thought she would just kneel in the cathedral and say a little prayer or two for the minute, the saints were so good in giving her so many friends.

There is something very touching in the Flemish peasant's relations with his Deity. It is all very vague to him; a jumble of veneration and familiarity, of sanctity and profanity without any thought of being familiar, or any idea of being profane.

There is a homely poetry, an innocent affectionateness in it, characteristic of the people. He talks to his angel Michel, and to his friend that dear little Jesus, much as he would talk to the shoemaker over the way or to the cooper's child in the door-way.

It is a very unreasonable, foolish, clumsy sort of a religion, this theology in wooden shoes; it is half grotesque, half pathetic; the grandmothers pass it on to the grand-children as they pass the bowl of potatoes round the stove in the long winter nights; it is as silly as possible but it comforts them as they carry fagots over the frozen canals or wear their eyes blind over the squares of lace; and it has in it the supreme pathos of any perfect confidence, or any utterly childlike and undoubting trust.

This had been taught to Beebe, and she went to sleep every night in the firm belief that the sixteen little angels of the Flemish prayer kept watch and ward over her bed. For the rest, being poetical, as these north folks are not, and having in her wherever it came from, poor little soul—a warmth of fancy and a spirituality of vision not at all northern, she had mixed up her religion with the fancies of Antoine's stories, and the demons in which the Flemish folks are profound believers, and the flowers into which she put all manner of sentient life, until her religion was a fantastic medley, so entangled that poor Father Francois had given up in despair any attempt to arrange it more correctly. Indeed, being of the peasant himself, he was not so very full sure in his own mind that demons were not bodily presences, quite as real and often much more tangible than saints. Anyway, he let her alone; and she believed in the goodness of God as she believed in the shining of the sun.

People looked after her as she went through the twisting, picture-like streets, where on nightfall still between the peaked high roofs, and lamps were here and there lit in the brick-bac shops and the fruit-stalls.

Her little muslin cap blew back like the wings of a white butterfly. Her sunny hair caught the last sun rays. Her feet were fair in the brown wooden shoes. Under the short woolen skirts the grace of her pretty limbs moved freely. Her broad silver clasps shone like a shield, and she was utterly unconscious that any one looked; she was simply and gravely intent on reaching St. Gudule to say her one prayer and not keep the children waiting.

Railroad Men. Attention.

Daily Sentinel.

W. R. NELSON, S. E. MORSE,
PUBLISHERS.

OFFICIAL PAPER—CITY AND COUNTY

Publication Office—New Sentinel Building,
No. 117 Oakwood St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Daily, 25c a month; Weekly, 1 year, \$1.50.
Single copies, 2 cents; Weekly, 6 mos., .75.

The democrats of the new eleventh district find themselves weighted down, from the start, with a surplus of available congressional timber. Adams county is represented by Judge STUDEBAKER, Huntington by MILLIGAN, SLACK and McGAUGHEY; Wabash by Maj. KIDD, Miami by Col. FARAR, JOHN L. FARRAR, JOHN D. COX, JOHN A. MITCHELL and CHAS. EMERICK, Howard by AD. ARMSTRONG, and Wells by HUGH DOUGHERTY. The Bluffton Banner says that DOUGHERTY will carry all the counties of the old twelfth district that are now in the eleventh, and that he is the man to carry the new district. Mr. DOUGHERTY is an able and brilliant young man and would make his mark if he were sent to congress.

The Indianapolis Sentinel seems determined to cram FRANKLIN LANDERS down the throats of the Indiana democracy next year as their candidate for governor, whether or no. The Sentinel reports a yearning for LANDERS among the democrats all over the state, but we must confess that we have failed, thus far, to detect the "boom" in this section. It is possible that Mr. LANDERS may, when the time comes, prove the best and most available man for the position; but in the meantime the democracy of the state will canvass thoroughly the claims of the other gentlemen who have been mentioned in connection with the position. Men like Judge HOLMAN, Judge NEW, Col. GREY and others of that stamp can't be choked down by the Indianapolis Sentinel in the interest of FRANK LANDERS or any other man.

The recent letter of Judge DAVID DAVIS, in response to the congratulatory resolutions adopted by the democratic members of the Illinois legislature, has attracted the earnest attention of the country. The letter is full of political wisdom and sound statesmanship. It is as follows:

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I am in favor of the perfect freedom of elections from the interference or the presence of any part of the army at the polls, because that opinion was so emphatically expressed on the floor of the senate. This is a government of legal authority, founded on the consent of the governed, and its laws must be enforced by the laws made in pursuance thereof. One of the grievances of which our forefathers complained was that the king had quartered troops on them, and sought by military force to coerce them into submission. It is very little less than a public scandal, after a century of national existence, that any party could venture to ask the people's approval of a species of tyranny that is forbidden in England and wherever else the parliamentary principle is respected. Very truly, DAVID DAVIS, To William A. Day and Hon. Charles Robinson.

Aid for Archbishop Purcell.
The address of Cardinal McCloskey to the prelates of the Catholic Church assembled in New York in behalf of Archbishop Purcell, is published. It recites the facts in his case and the amount of his indebtedness, and, after paying a tribute to the honesty and faithfulness of the venerable archbishop, call upon all the churches to contribute annually to his relief until his indebtedness is entirely met, according to a compromise proposed. It is reported that more than \$100,000 has already been given for the purpose.

Absolutely free from morphia and other dangerous agents Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is valued most highly as a remedy for the disorders of babyhood. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

A Wonderful Discovery.
For the speedy cure of Consumption and all diseases that lead to it, such as stubborn coughs, neglected colds, bronchitis, asthma, pain in the side and chest, dry hacking cough, tickling in the throat, hoarseness, sore throat and all chronic and lingering diseases of the throat and lungs, Dr. King's New Discovery has no equal and has established for itself a world wide reputation. Many leading physicians recommend and use it in their practice. The formula from which it is prepared is highly recommended by all medical journals. The clergy and the press have complimented it in the most glowing terms. Go to your druggist and get a trial bottle free of cost or a regular size for \$1.00. For sale by Dreier & Bro., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Thrown From a Train.—John Gaffney, fireman of engine 47 on the Shore Line Railroad of New Haven, Ct., was thrown from the engine going at the rate of 35 miles an hour. He was all but killed, yet, thanks to Giles' Liniment Iodine Ammonia, recovered completely in four days. Giles' Pills cures Liver Complaint. Sold by all druggists. Send for pamphlet.

120 West Broadway, N. Y.

Trial size 25 cents.

Chester Jackson's best sweet Navy Tobacco.

We have long wanted a safe and reliable remedy for the cure of Chills and Fever. Quinine will cure it, but it disturbs the head and the fever returns. Now, we see that Meers' Wheelock, Finlay & Co., publish the composition of their Dr. F. Wilhoft's Anti-Periodic or Fever and Ague Tonic, which is guaranteed a specific for the cure of Chills and Fever, Dumb Chills and all other diseases produced by malaria. Try it. It can be found in every drug store.

IN MEMORY.

From out the window of the past
A sunny face I see
With azure eyes, which brighten all
The way I tread when I am
With shining bands of golden hair,
Like sunlight on her head—
Alas! alas! and yesterday
They told me she was dead.

How can we, O my heart, believe
That, save in memory,
Thou hast been so full of love,
Will smile no more on me!
How can we think the spring will put
Her brooding rain out
And she the fairest flower of all
The whole earth will be gone—

That ne'er her song at even hour
Will thrill us as of yore?
O may I live through coming years
And hear her voice no more!
No more to see, save sometimes in
Thought's window just ajar,
The sunny face whose glad smile
Was brighter than a star.

BÉBÉE,

OR
TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

A STORY.

By "OUIDA."

AUTHOR OF "STRATHMORE," "TRICOTIN," "UNDER TWO FLAGS," "IDALIA," "FASCANELLE," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

The two years had not been all playtime, any more than they had been all summer.

When one has not father, or mother, or brother, and all one's friends have barely bread enough for themselves, life cannot be very easy, nor its crusts very many at any time.

Bébé had a cherub's mouth, and a dreamer's eyes, and a poet's thoughts sometimes in her own untaught and unconscious fashion.

But all the same she was a little hard-working Brabant peasant girl, up whilst the birds twittered in the dark, to bed when the red sun sank beyond the far blue line of the plains; she hoed, and dug, and watered, and planted her little plot; she kept her cabin as clean as a fresh-blossomed primrose; she milked her goat, and swept her floor; she sat, all the warm days, in the town, selling her flowers, and in the winter-time, when her garden yielded her nothing, she strained her right over lace making in the city to get the small bit of food that stood between her and that hunger which to the poor means death.

A hard life: very hard when hail and snow made the streets of Brussels like slopes of ice; a little hard even in the summer time when she sat under the awning fronting the Maison du Roi; but all the time the child thrived on it, and was happy, and dreamed of many graceful and gracious things whilst she was weeding among her lilies, or tracing the threads to and fro on her lace pillow.

Now—when she woke to the full sense of her wonderful sixteen years—Bébé, standing barefoot on the mud-floor, was as pretty a sight as was to be seen between Scheldt and Rhine.

The sun had only left a soft warmth like an apricot's on her white skin. Her limbs, though strong as a mountain peak, were slender and well shaped. Her hair curled in shiny crimped masses, and tumbled about her shoulders. Her pretty round plump little breast was white as the lilies in the grass without, and in this blooming time of her little life Bébé, in her way, was beautiful as a peach-bloom is beautiful, and her innocent, courageous, happy eyes had dreams that went farther than the white clouds of summer.

She could not move among them idly as poets and girls love to do; she had to be active amidst them, else drought and rain and worm and snail, and blight and frost would have made havoc of their fairest hopes.

The loveliest love is that which dreams high, unsoiled by all burdens; but perhaps the strongest love is that which, whilst it adores, drags its feet through mire, and burns its brow in heat, for the thing beloved.

So Bébé dreamed in her garden; but all the time for sake of it hoed and dug, and hurt her hands, and tired her limbs, and bowed her shoulders under the great metal pails from the well.

This wondrous morning, with the bright burden of her sixteen years upon her, she dressed herself quickly and fed her fowls, and happy as a bird, went to sit on her little wooden stool in the door-way.

There had been fresh rain in the night; the garden was radiant; the smell of the wet earth was sweeter than all perfumes that are burned in palaces.

The dripping rosebuds nodded against her hair as she went out; the starling called to her—"Bébé, Bébé, bonjour, bonjour." These were all the words she knew. It said the same words a thousand times a week. But to Bébé it seemed that the starling most certainly knew that she was sixteen years old that day.

Breaking her bread into the milk, she sat in the dawn and thought, without knowing that she thought it, "How good it is to live when one is young!"

Old people say the same thing often, but they sigh when they say it. Bébé smiled.

Mère Krebs opened her door in the next cottage, and nodded over the wall.

"What a fine thing to be sixteen!"

A merry year, Bébé.

Marthe, the carpenter's wife, came out from her gate, broom in hand.

"The holy saints keep you, Bébé; why, you are quite a woman now!"

The little children of Varnhart, the charcoal burner, who were as poor as any mouse in the old churches, rushed out of their little home up the lane, bringing with them a cake stuck full of sugar and seeds, and tied round with a blue ribbon, that their mother had made that very week, all in her honor.

"Only see Bébé! Such a grand cake!" they shouted, dancing down the lane. "Giles picked the plums, and Jeanne washed the almonds, and Christine took the ribbon off her own communion cap—all for you—all for you; but you will let us come and eat it too!"

Old gran'mère Bishot, who was the oldest woman about Laeken, hobbled through the grass on her crutches and

nodded her white shaking head, and smiled at Bébé.

"I have nothing to give you, little one, except my blessing, if you care for that."

Bébé ran out, breaking from the children, and knelt down in the wet grass, and bent her pretty sunny head to the benediction.

Trine, the miller's wife, the richest woman of them all, called to the child from the steps of the mill—

"A merry year, and the blessing of Heaven, Bébé! Come up, and here is my first dish of cherries for you; not tasted one myself; they will make you a feast with Varnhart's cake, though she should have known better, so poor as she is. Charity begins at home, and these children's stomachs are empty."

Bébé ran up and then down again cheerfully, with her lapful of big black cherries; Tambour, the old white dog, who had used to drag her about in his milk-cart, leaping on her in sympathy and congratulation.

"What a supper we will have!" she cried to the charcoal-burner's children, who were turning summersaults in the dock-leaves, while the swans stared and hissed.

When one is sixteen, cherries and cake have a flavor of Paradise still, especially when they are tasted twice, or thrice at most, in all the year.

An old man called to her as she went by his door. All these little cabins lie close together, with only their little apple-trees, or their tall beans, or their hedges of thorn between them; you may ride by and never notice them if you do not look for them under the leaves closely, as you would for thrushes' nests.

He, too, was very old; a life-long neighbor and gossip of Antoine's; he had been a day-laborer in these same fields all his years, and had never traveled farther than where the red mill-sails turned among the colza and the corn.

"Come in, my pretty one, for a second," he whispered, with an air of mystery that made Bébé's heart quicken with expectancy. "Come in; I have something for you. They were my dear daughter's—you have heard me talk of her—Liette, who died forty year or more ago, they say; for me I think it was yesterday. Mere Krebs—she is a hard woman—heard me talking of my girl. She burst out laughing, 'Lord's sake, fool, why, your girl would be sixty now as she had lived.' Well, so it may be; you see, the new mill was put up the week she died, and you call the new mill old; but, my girl, she is young to me. Always young. Come here, Bébé."

Bébé went after him, a little awed, into the dusky interior, that smelt of stored apples and of dried herbs that hung from the roof. There was a walnut-wood press, such as the peasants of France and the low countries keep their homespun linen in and their old lace that serves for the nuptials and baptisms of half a score of generations.

The old man unlocked it with a trembling hand, and there came out an odor of dead lavender and of withered rose-leaves.

On the shelves there were a girl's set of clothes, and a girl's sabots, and a girl's communion veil and wreath.

"They are all hers," he whispered; "all hers. And sometimes in the evening-time I see her coming along the lane for them—do you not know? There is nothing changed; nothing changed; the grass, and the tress, and the huts, and the pond are all here—why should she only be gone away?"

"Antoine is gone."

"Yes. But he was old; my girl was young."

He stood a moment, with the press door open, as he exhaled in his dim eyes; the divine faith of love and the male-like stupidity of ignorance made him cling to this one thought without power of judgment in it.

"They say she would be sixty," he said, with a little dreary smile. "But that is absurd, you know. Why she had cheeks like yours, and she would run—no lapsing could fly faster over corn. These are her things, you see; yes—all of them. That is the spring of sweetbrier she wore in her belt the day before the wagon knocked her down and killed her. I have never touched the things. But look here, Bébé, you are a good child and true, and like just a little. I mean to give you her silver caps. They were her great-grand-mother's before her. God knows how old they are not. And a girl should have some little wealth of that sort—and for Antoine's sake."

The old man stayed behind, closing the press door upon the lavender-scented clothes, and sitting down in the dull shadow of the hut to think of his daughter, dead forty summers and more.

Bébé went out with the brave brocade silver clasps about her waist, and the tears were on her cheeks for a grief not her own.

To be killed just when one was young, and was loved like that, and all the world was in its May-day flower! The silver felt cold to her touch—as cold as though it was the dead girl's hands that held her.

The garlands that the children strung of daisies and hung about her had never chilled her so.

But little Jeanne, the youngest of the charcoal-burner's little tribe, running to meet her, screamed with glee, and danced in the gay morning.

"Oh, Bébé! how you glitter! Did the Virgin send you that off her own altar? Let me see—let me touch! It is made of the stars or of the sun?"

And Bébé danced with the child, and the silver gleamed and sparkled, and all the people came running out to see, and the milk-carts were half an hour later for town, and the hens cackled loud unfed, and the men even stopped on their way to the fields and paused, with their scythes on their shoulders, to stare at the splendid gift.

There is not such another set of clasps in Brabant; old work you could make a fortune of in the curiosity shops in the Montagne," said Trine Krebs, going up the steps of her mill-house.

"But, all the same, you know, Bébé, things of a dead body bring mischance sometimes."

But Bébé danced with the child, and did not hear.

Whose fête day had ever begun like this one of hers?

She was a little poet at heart, and should not have cared for such realities; but when she saw a girl of sixteen and has only a little round woolen frock, and sits in the market-place or lace-room, with other girls around, how should one be altogether indifferent to a broad, embossed, beautiful shield of silver that sparkled with each step one took?

A quarter of an hour idle thus was all, however, that Bébé or her friends could spare at 5 o'clock on a summer morning, when the city was waiting for its eggs, its honey, its flowers, its cream, and its butter, and Tambour was shaking his leather harness in impatience to be off with his milk-can.

So Bébé, all holiday though it was, and heroic though she felt herself, ran in-doors, put up her cakes and cherries, cut her two-basketsful out of the garden, locked her hut, and went on her quick and happy little feet along the grassy paths towards the city.

The sorting and tying up of the flowers she always left until she was sitting under the awning in front of the Broodhuis; the same awning, tawny as an autumn pear and weathered as an old mill, which had served to shelter Antoine's Maes from heat and rain through all the years of his life.

"Go to the Madeleine, you will make money there, with your pretty blue eyes, Bébé," people had said to her of late; but Bébé had shaken her head.

Where she had sat in her babyhood at Antoine's feet, she would sit so long as she sold flowers in Brussels—here, and underneath the shadow of the Gothic towers that saw Edmont die.

Old Antoine had never gone into the grand market that is fashioned after the Madeleine of Paris, and where in the cool, wet, sweet-smelling halls, all the flowers of Brabant are spread in bouquets fit for the bridal of Una, and large as the shield of the Red-Cross Knight.

Antoine could not compete with all those treasures of greenhouse and stove. He had always had his little stall among those which spread their tawny awnings and their merry hardy blossoms under the shadow of the Hotel de Ville, in the midst of the buyings and sellings, the games and the quarrels, the auctions and the Cheap Johns, the mountebanks, and hourly through the Grande Place.

Here Bébé, from three years old, had been used to sit beside him. By nature she was as gay as a lark. The people always heard her singing as they passed the garden. The children never found their games so merry as when she danced their rounds with them; and though she dreamed so much out there in the air among the carnations and the roses, or in the long, low work-room in the town, high against the crocketed pinnacles of the cathedral, yet she dreamed, if vaguely, of hieing to the city, and all bright of hue and sunny in her phantasies. Still, Bébé had one unsatisfied desire; she wanted to know so much, and she knew nothing.

She did not care for the grand gay people.

When the hand played, and the park filled, and the bright little cafes were thronged with pleasure-seekers, and the crowds flocked hither and thither to the woods, to the theatre, to the galleries, to the guinguettes, Bébé, going gravely along with her emptied baskets homeward, envied none of these.

When Noel the little children begged their loads of puppets and sugar-plums; when at Fete Dieu the whole people flocked out, be-ribboned and vari-colored like any bed of spring-anemones; when in the merry midsummer the charabancs trundled away into the forest with laughing loads of students and maidens; when in the rough winters the carriages left furred and jeweled women at the doors of the operas or the palaces—Bébé, going and coming through the city to her flower-stall or lace-work, looked at them all, and never thought of envy or desire.

She looked at the big dogs who pulled the carts in, and lay panting all day under the rush-bottomed chairs on which the egg-wives and the fruit-sellers sat, and knitted, and chattered; nay, even the gorgeous huissier and the frowning gendarme, who marshaled the folks into order as they went up for municipal registries, or for town misdeemeanors. She knew them all; had known them all ever since she had first trotted in like a little dog at Antoine's heels.

So Bébé stayed there.

It is, perhaps, the most beautiful square in all Northern Europe, with its black timbered and gilded carvings, and its blazoned windows, and majestic sculptures, and fantastic pinnacles. That Bébé did not know, but she loved it, and she sat resolutely in front of the Broodhuis, selling her flowers, smiling, chatting, helping the old woman, counting her little gains, eating her bit of bread at noonday like any other market-girl, but at times glancing up to the stately towers and the blue sky with a look on her face that made the old tinker and cobbler whisper together, "What does she see there—the dead people or the angels?"

The truth was that even Bébé herself did not know very surely what she saw—something that was still nearer to her than even this kindly crowd that loved her. That was all she could have said had anybody asked her.

But none did.

No one wanted to hear what the dead said; and for the angels, the tinker and the cobbler were of opinion that one had only too much of them sculptured about everywhere, and shining on all the casements—in reverence be it spoken, of course.

CHAPTER III.

"I remembered it was your name-day, child. Here are half a dozen eggs," said one of the hen-wives; and the little cross woman with the peddler's tray added a waxen St. Agnes, colored red and yellow to the very life no doubt; and the old Cheap John had saved her a cage for the

balconies, and tossing flags, and comic opera, and leisurely pleasure-seekers, and the whole of it is Paris in very truth.

But this is only the Brussels of the nobles and the foreigners.

There is a Brussels that is better than this—Brussels that belongs to the old burgher life, to the artists and the craftsmen, to the master-masons of the Moysen-age, to the same spirit and soul that once filled the free men of Ghent and the citizens of Bruges and the besieged of Leyden, and the blood of Edmont and of Horne.

Down there by the water-side, where the old quaint walls lean over the yellow sluggish stream, and the green barrels of the Antwerp barges swing against the dusky piles of the crumbling bridges.

In the great square desolate courts of the old palaces, where in cobwebbed galleries and silent chambers the Flemish tapestries drop to pieces.

In the great populous square, where, above the clamorous and rushing crowds, the majestic front of the Maison du Roi frowns against the sun, and the spires and pinnacles of the burghmaster's gathering-halls tower into the sky in all the fantastic luxuriance of Gothic fancy.

Under the vast stillness wings of angels in the sky, stillness, like the cathedral across whose sunny aisles some little child goes slowly all alone, laden with lilies for the Feast of the Assumption, till their white glory hides its curly head.

In all strange quaint old-world niches withdrawn from men in silent grass-grown corners, where a twelfth-century corbel holds a pot of roses, or a water-spout with a grinning faun's head laces in the grim humor of the Moysen-age above the bent head of the young lace-worker.

In all these, Brussels, though more worldly than her sisters of Ghent and Bruges, and far more worldly yet than her Teuton cousins of Freiburg and Nurnberg, is still in her own way like a monkish story mixed up with the Romance of the Rose; or rather like some gay French vaudeville, all fashion and jest, illustrated in old Missal manner with helm and hauberk, cope and cowl, praying knights and fighting priests, winged Griffins and nimbused saints, flame-breathing dragons and enamored princes, all mingled together in the illuminated colors and the heroidal grotesque romance of the Middle Ages.

And it was this side of the city that Bébé knew, and she loved it well, and would not leave it for the market of the Madeleine.

She had no one to tell her anything, and all Antoine had ever been able to say to her concerning the Broodhuis was that it had been there in his father's time; and regarding St. Gudule, that his mother had burned many a candle before its altars for a dead brother who had been drowned off the dunes.

But the child's mind, unled, but not misled, had pondered on these things, and her heart had grown to love them, and perhaps no student of Spanish architecture, no antiquary of Moysen-age relics, loved St. Gudule and the Broodhuis as little ignorant Bébé did.

There had been a time when great dark, fierce men had bidden these things and made the place beautiful. So much she knew; and the little wistful, untaught brain tried to project itself into those unknown times, and failed, and yet found pleasure in the effort. And Bébé would say to herself as she walked the streets, "Per- haps some one will come some day who will tell me all these things."

Meanwhile, there were the bowers, and she was quite content.

Besides, she knew all the people: the old cobbler, who sat next her, and chattered all day long like a magpie; the tinker, who had come up many a summer night to drink a glass with Antoine; the Cheap John, who cheated everybody else, but who had always given her a toy or a trinket at every Fete Dieu all the summers she had known; the little old woman, sour as a crab, who sold rosaries and pictures of saints, and little waxen Christs upon a tray; the big dogs who pulled the carts in, and lay panting all day under the rush-bottomed chairs on which the egg-wives and the fruit-sellers sat, and knitted, and chattered; nay, even the gorgeous huissier and the frowning gendarme, who marshaled the folks into order as they went up for municipal registries, or for town misdeemeanors. She knew them all; had known them all ever since she had first trotted in like a little dog at Antoine's heels.

So Bébé stayed there.

It is, perhaps, the most beautiful square in all Northern Europe, with its black timbered and gilded carvings, and its blazoned windows, and majestic sculptures, and fantastic pinnacles. That Bébé did not know, but she loved it, and she sat resolutely in front of the Broodhuis, selling her flowers, smiling, chatting, helping the old woman, counting her little gains, eating her bit of bread at noonday like any other market-girl, but at times glancing up to the stately towers and the blue sky with a look on her face that made the old tinker and cobbler whisper together, "What does she see there—the dead people or the angels?"

The truth was that even Bébé herself did not know very surely what she saw—something that was still nearer to her than even this kindly crowd that loved her. That was all she could have said had anybody asked her.

But none did.

No one wanted to hear what the dead said; and for the angels, the tinker and the cobbler were of opinion that one had only too much of them sculptured about everywhere, and shining on all the casements—in reverence be it spoken, of course.

CHAPTER III.

"I remembered it was your name-day, child. Here are half a dozen eggs," said one of the hen-wives; and the little cross woman with the peddler's tray added a waxen St. Agnes, colored red and yellow to the very life no doubt; and the old Cheap John had saved her a cage for the

balconies, and tossing flags, and comic opera, and leisurely pleasure-seekers, and the whole of it is Paris in very truth.

But this is only the Brussels of the nobles and the foreigners.

There is a Brussels that is better than this—Brussels that belongs to the old burgher life, to the artists and the craftsmen, to the master-masons of the Moysen-age, to the same spirit and soul that once filled the free men of Ghent and the citizens of Bruges and the besieged of Leyden, and the blood of Edmont and of Horne.

Down there by the water-side, where the old quaint walls lean over the yellow sluggish stream, and the green barrels of the Antwerp barges swing against the dusky piles of the crumbling bridges.

In the great square desolate courts of the old palaces, where in cobwebbed galleries and silent chambers the Flemish tapestries drop to pieces.

In the great populous square, where, above the clamorous and rushing crowds, the majestic front of the Maison du Roi frowns against the sun, and the spires and pinnacles of the burghmaster's gathering-halls tower into the sky in all the fantastic luxuriance of Gothic fancy.

Under the vast stillness wings of angels in the sky, stillness, like the cathedral across whose sunny aisles some little child goes slowly all alone, laden with lilies for the Feast of the Assumption, till their white glory hides its curly head.

In all strange quaint old-world niches withdrawn from men in silent grass-grown corners, where a twelfth-century corbel holds a pot of roses, or a water-spout with a grinning faun's head laces in the grim humor of the Moysen-age above the bent head of the young lace-worker.

In all these, Brussels, though more worldly than her sisters of Ghent and Bruges, and far more worldly yet than her Teuton cousins of Freiburg and Nurnberg, is still in her own way like a monkish story mixed up with the Romance of the Rose; or rather like some gay French vaudeville, all fashion and jest, illustrated in old Missal manner with helm and hauberk, cope and cowl, praying knights and fighting priests, winged Griffins and nimbused saints, flame-breathing dragons and enamored princes, all mingled together in the illuminated colors and the heroidal grotesque romance of the Middle Ages.

And it was this side of the city that Bébé knew, and she loved it well, and would not leave it for the market of the Madeleine.

She had no one to tell her anything, and all Antoine had ever been able to say to her concerning the Broodhuis was that it had been there in his father's time; and regarding St. Gudule, that his mother had burned many a candle before its altars for a dead brother who had been drowned off the dunes.

But the child's mind, unled, but not misled, had pondered on these things, and her heart had grown to love them, and perhaps no student of Spanish architecture, no antiquary of Moysen-age relics, loved St. Gudule and the Broodhuis as little ignorant Bébé did.

There had been a time when great dark, fierce men had bidden these things and made the place beautiful. So much she knew; and the little wistful, untaught brain tried to project itself into those unknown times, and failed, and yet found pleasure in the effort. And Bébé would say to herself as she walked the streets, "Perhaps some one will come some day who will tell me all these things."

Meanwhile, there were the bowers, and she was quite content.

Besides, she knew all the people: the old cobbler, who sat next her, and chattered all day long like a magpie; the tinker, who had come up many a summer night to drink a glass with Antoine; the Cheap John, who cheated everybody else, but who had always given her a toy or a trinket at every Fete Dieu all the summers she had known; the little old woman, sour as a crab, who sold rosaries and pictures of saints

ROOT AND COMPANY.

Silks.

The superiority of our Silk Department over that of any other house in the city is a long-established fact. We have never before, however, been able to offer these dress silks in this department to purchasers that we now can.

Dress Silks

In all the new and desirable shades and designs.

Trimming Silks and Satins to match.

We have now in stock an unusually fine line of

American Silks,

In plain and broad patterns, so justly celebrated for their beauty of colorings and designs, and great durability.

Black Silks.

Resides an elegant assortment of black dress silks, we have recently received several pieces of

Mantilla Silks,

27 inches wide, and just the thing in every way for the purpose.

We have always made our Silk Department a specialty, and are satisfied with the lowest possible prices consistent with the best class of goods.

Grenadines

In black and colors and in all the new and tasteful designs, at exceedingly low prices.

Black Cashmeres.

In these goods we keep only the makes of established reputation for purity of dye and excellence of make and finish. We are offering these goods at prices that must command the attention of the closest buyers.

Mourning Goods.

We are now able to display everything desirable in this line, and at our well known low prices.

Suit Department.

We have many attractions in this department, and some special bargains well worth looking at. This department is especially interesting at this time.

Fringes.

We have an elegant line of silk and grass fringes in all colors, ranging in price from 40c to \$2. The low price that we have made on these goods have given them an extraordinary sale this season.

Notions, Etc.

We here mention a few specialties under this head.

Sacques and Dress Ornaments in large variety. Some of the most exquisite buttons are offered—each one a work of art. New line of Ribbon and Towel Linen. Double Faced Ribbons in all the novel and desirable colors and combinations.

The complete line of Ladies' Gentlemen's and Children's gloves and hosiery ever before offered by us. Lace mitts in black and colors.

Novelties in PARASOLS and SUN UMBRELLAS.

Just received—A large line of extra fine muslin underwear for ladies.

Root & Company

CALHOUN STREET.

REMOVED.

Geo. W. Long, Dentist

to his new rooms over Mayner & Graff's jewelry store, corner of Calhoun and Columbia streets, where he can be found at all hours of the day and night. Prices in keeping with the times.

For the finest neck wear, best shirts and summer underwear, go to "Miller the Hatter," 34 Calhoun street. 28-4

Howe Sewing Machines and general sewing merchandise and supplies, at No. 140 Calhoun street.

Best and cheapest fishing tackle in the city 302 KANE BROS.

For pure ice cream go to the Model Coffee House and Ice Cream Parlors. 30-2

The largest and best assortment of straw hats in the city at Ed. Golden's hat store, 54 Calhoun street. 30-2

SILKS.

LOUIS WOLF.

Enormous Reductions in Silks.

I have this day placed on sale the largest and best assortment of silks ever been brought to this city.

The following are a few of the bargains which I will mention:

BLACK GROS GRAIN SILKS,

75c per yd.

Rich Black Gros Grain Silks, 85c and \$1 per yd.

Satin Finish Black Gros Grain Silks,

\$1, \$1.10 and \$1.25 per yd.

Extra Rich and Heavy Black Gros Grain Silks,

\$1.35, 1.45, 1.55, 1.65 and \$2 per yd.

800 Yards of Colored Silks, brightest, full bodied, handsome, finest, desirable shades at 75 cents per yard.

Much Under Value.

ALSO

Let us spring fancy silks, choice styles, same quality sold last season for \$1, now for 75c.

Good line of fancy silks, good quality, 60c per yard.

Fancy summer silks, in a desirable shade, 50c per yard; sell everywhere at 60c.

ALSO, an elegant assortment of Black and Colored Broadcases, Silk, Satin Striped Watered Silks.

Black Satin and Mottre Striped Satin at 75c and \$1 per yard, which is considerable under value.

These bargains are worthy the immediate attention of intending purchasers as the quantity is limited, and the goods cannot be replaced at the money. At

Louis Wolf,

No. 7 Keystone Block,

Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

GOING TO CINCINNATI?

Patronize the House of the Friendless Excursions.

Beginning the 9th of June trains will leave the city over the Muncie road daily for Cincinnati at excursion rates, thus affording all an opportunity to visit the great Sengerfest at very low prices. These excursions will be under the exclusive control and management, and for the benefit of that noble charity, the Home for the Friendless. Tickets for sale at Anderson's grocery on Broadway, and at room No. 25 over the postoffice.

If you want pure ice cream for Sunday dinner go to the Model Coffee House.

The commencement at the Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart is to be on the morning of the 26th inst., instead of evening, as stated previously in the SENTINEL. 31

The male quartette, composed of Messrs. Page, Taylor, Lang and Yarnell, will sing at the concert at the Baptist Church. Those who have heard them sing say it is well worth the price of admission.

Old papers for sale at the SENTINEL office.

The picnic at the park to-morrow under the auspices of the Arion and Sengerbund societies promises to be a success. All who wish a day's enjoyment should not fail to attend. 31-1

An elegant prize to be given this week again at No. 5 Keystone Block, Calhoun street. 29-31

Try Langhor's Vienna bread.

Prof. Heath will entertain the audience at the concert at the First Baptist Church with a trombone solo. It is a treat to hear him.

Williams's Grove.

On Creighton avenue, has been fitted up with seats, refreshment stands and music stand for the accommodation of those desiring a pleasant resort for picnics and pleasure parties. It is situated in the most beautiful suburban portion of the city, easy of access by street cars and naturally one of the most lovely spots in this vicinity. Application for its use should be made at the street car office, corner Main and Calhoun streets.

Finest assortment of bird cages in the city at Kane Brothers. 30-2

HO FOR ROME CITY.

Grand Excursion, June 25th.

There will be a grand excursion to Rome City on the 25th of June, under the auspices of Salem German Reformed Church. Tickets only \$1; children 50 cents. Don't fail to go, everybody, and have a good time. Tickets can be obtained from the members of Salem Church.

Carriages from \$2.50 up at Kane Brothers. 30-2

Great closing out sale—Revolution Boot and Shoe Store.

Joint fishing rods, just the thing for picnics, only 50c, at KANE BROS. 30-2

Flour and Potatoes Down.

Best Flour, per bbl, \$5.

Early Rose Potatoes, 75c bushel. FRUIT HOUSE.

Have you seen those Mackinow straw hats at Ed. Golden's, 54 Calhoun street? They are beauties. 30-2

Gus Stradel, 10 East Berry street, lunch to-night. Turtle soup, cold slaw, ham, potato salad, etc., etc. 311

An official meeting of directors of the Home for the Friendless was held at the Home on yesterday—the first regular meeting since the installation of the new matron and their festival two weeks ago. At the meeting it was reported that the net proceeds paid in to the treasury was \$68.37. They have also received from other sources two bedsteads. They hereby return thanks for their liberal patronage, and to those who generously contributed. They desire to say that any cast-off clothing, carpet-rags, and a second-hand cupboard will be kindly received and thankfully accepted.

At Elkhart yesterday, Palma, of Coldwater, Mich., won the 3:30 trot.

Russ, Ellis second, Effie G., third, Bell Smith fourth. Time 2:50 and 2:52. In the 2:19 class Benesetter of Chicago, took first money, \$300; Monroe Chief, of Chicago, second money, \$200; Ethel, of Rushville, third money, \$100; Elsie Good, of Rushville, fourth money, \$50; Loader, of Detroit, distanced. Time, 2:25, 2:26, 2:27 and 2:28.

The trustees will elect a county superintendent next Monday in the agricultural room at the court house.

There are seven candidates in the race, but their names have not all been disclosed. Some of the principal publishing house men in the country are in the city and will remain to witness the contest.

No effort will be made to secure the admission of Jacob Fink into the state insane hospital. His insanity is periodical and is ascribed to hot weather and sour cider. He will be kept in jail as long as his insane freak continues.

A stylish turn out made its appearance on the streets to-day—a T cart, with liveried footman, and drawn by a pair of handsome grays. Fort Wayne is gradually getting some style to her.

Last Saturday night four old bums made night hideous at a saloon in Nebraska. They threatened another rehearsal to-night, to the great dismay of the peaceable citizens of Nebraska.

W. W. Algeier, formerly with Bowser & Story, but now of Grand Rapids, is in town visiting his many friends. He is the guest of Mrs. Temme, 12 Erie street.

Robert Lowry, jr., of the Auburn Courier, is in town to-day, en route for Valparaiso on important business.

BREVITIES.

George Hazzard is at Logansport.

Hazzard's troubles are not yet over.

Gus Stroedel massacred his turtles.

There is a great demand for servant girls.

Hon. A. P. Edgerton is at Hicksville.

There is considerable sickness among children.

Mrs. John H. Cody is seriously ill with pleurisy.

James Byfield, of Auburn, was in town yesterday.

The liverwurst man is laying for peeler Connor.

Reports of the wheat prospects are very encouraging.

No services at the Universalist Church to-morrow.

Those Lafayette Hall dances are disgraceful affairs.

Daniel Walker died yesterday of congestion of the brain.

The Hamilton Bank directors met this morning at 10 o'clock.

Belmont Prince will probably be brought home in a few days.

The city assessors will probably complete their returns to-day.

The Italian serenaders are about town, gathering in the nickels.

The feeder aqueduct was full of young swimmers last evening.

Supt. Willigass was visiting schools in Adams township the past week.

Fort Wayne was not represented at the Huntington canal convention.

The schools in the country will be generally closed in about two weeks.

Pat Conover is reveling in the ecstatic sublimity of a fit of "room-ticks."

Wm. Roberts & Co. will probably rebuild their factory at Maples at once.

James Nelligan is building a large addition to his house on West Lewis street.

Judge Huestis will put in the heat-tem at Long Branch and Manhattan Beach.

Judge O'Rourke is going to Decatur on Monday to try several cases for Judge Bobo.

Seventy-five applications for liquor licenses have been filed in the county auditor's office.

The gutter on the north side of West Jefferson street, near Calhoun, is in bad condition.

The second installment of Ouida's thrilling novel of "Rebecca" will be found elsewhere.

After paying all the expenses of Decoration Day, there will be a small balance on hand.

C. L. Centlivre is making extensive repairs and improvements at the French brewery.

This is the last day for assessors to make their returns. They have not all reported however.

Perrin's colt is a beauty. It was sired by Belmont Prince dam sired by Kentucky Whig.

Eschiah will go to the St. Louis races, thence to Chicago before being brought back to this city.

Rev. Ernst Stabnatzy, of Lincoln, Neb., and Miss Bettie Lehman, of this city, will be married in a few days.

A city paper reports that the superior court has been discharged. That must have surprised Judge Lowry.

The Rome City train in the morning will stop at Broadway to accommodate those going from the west end.

Rev. J. Dobson, pastor of the Muncie Universalist Church will assist in the services at Rome City to-morrow.

Several proposals were handed in for the Hoagland school improvement. The contract will be awarded on Monday.

Boss Broommaker Potter, of Nebraska, has gone out to Roanoke frog hunting. He will camp out several days.

There is no doubt that the alleged Burlington robber, now in jail, is an old penitentiary bird, notwithstanding his denial.

A west end lady made a charitable attempt to disinfect the News office by presenting the editor with a hand-some bouquet.

Jacob Fry, of Nebraska, cut his knee with a sickle, the other day, since which time he has been laid up. He is now able to hobble around with a cane.

Geo. Richards had his hand badly lacerated in Olds's factory yesterday afternoon. He was attended by Dr. C. H. Orton at Tons & Mollering's drug store.

Geo. Morrison, who was ticket agent of the Pittsburgh road in this city a number of years ago, died at Golden City, Nev., on Thursday. No particulars.

The late rain diluted the whisky in this city to such an extent that no one could jamboree yesterday, therefore there was no police court to-day.

The regular monthly examination of teachers is being held to-day in the agricultural room. There are forty applicants for license. It is hardly to be expected that any of them will fail. Oh no.

Dr. Stone will preach to-morrow on the "Multiplied Conquests of Christ and His World-wide Reign," and in the evening on "Heroic Living and Daring—Triumphing Dying and Glorious Remembrance."

Messrs. Fowler and Meegan intend making a piscatorial raid, to-day. For some unaccountable reason they did not go. They evidently did not wish the responsibility of prosecuting the living interests of the country by their absence.

The race for county superintendent in Whitley county runs high. I. B. McDonald and A. J. Douglas, the present incumbent, are the candidates, with the chances in favor of the former. In Wabash county, there are three candidates for the same place, each of them backed by one of the most influential and wealthy publishing houses in the country, some of them having as high as ten men working for their respective favorite.

EXTRA CARD

BY

Dr. Von MOSCHZISKER.

—OFFICE—

Aveline House.

Since DR. VON MOSCHZISKER'S arrival in the west he has frequently been told by those coming to him for examination that they have already been treated by THIS and THAT PHYSICIAN, or visited noted specialists in Cincinnati, St. Louis or Louisville, have received a few "treatments," and been sent back to their homes with little or no benefit. Such persons, instead of feeling discouraged, should reflect that neither Dr. —, or Dr. so and so, although possessing reputation, is not necessarily the epitome of medical knowledge, and that Specialism is the lowest degree of art where it is not fertilized by general knowledge, the highest where it is the caprice of Science. That to be a successful practitioner in any special class of diseases, all constitutional causes producing disorder must be investigated, all the teachings of physiology and general pathology held in mind, and all the extended knowledge of the influence of remedies and of hygienic methods laid under contribution in order to arrive at a correct diagnosis, and to insure a good result from treatment. This is the only secret of my success in the treatment of special maladies.

To gentlemen of the profession who have paid any attention to the branches of Medical and Surgical Science to which Dr. Von Moschzisker devoted himself, his name cannot be unknown.

Those familiar with current medical literature must know that it was he who first demonstrated and proved the possibility of perforation of the Tympanum being healed. Who but he fought the unheard called Nervous Deafness, behind which spurious diagnosis hundreds have cloaked their ignorance of Aural diseases thereby condemning myriads of suffering sufferers to the unnecessary horror of long deafness?

He was the first physician who brought to this country and used the Laryngoscope and practiced Rhinoscopy in America, while other physicians in this country only knew of these appliances through foreign medical publications.

He had practiced the inflation of the Tympanum and the Eustachian tube four years, before what is called Politzer's method was given to the world. Politzer's work being published in 1868, and Dr. von Moschzisker's, in which this is found, in 1861.

New Methods of Examination—New Hope.

In his examination Dr. von Moschzisker brings to his aid many instruments new and never used in ordinary practice. Some of these are of his own invention, and others have been imported, at an immense outlay, expressly by him, and are the most perfect that human ingenuity can devise or skill produce. Some bring distinctly into view, as the laryngoscope, otoscope, ophthalmoscope and various special diseased structures, allowing all the symptoms of disease to be detected, and enabling applications to be made directly to the diseased parts. Other instruments detect the least increase in temperature caused by disease, or note the slightest derangement of the Kidneys, Bladder, Heart, Lungs or Bronchial Tubes.

Catarrah—Its Speedy and permanent Cure.

Dr. Von Moschzisker confidently asserts that but one practical, successful method of relieving and curing it has ever been discovered, and that is the one discovered by him. He has testimonials of hundreds of the severest cases cured by him.

Dr. Von Moschzisker feels justified in laying these facts before the public that they may feel assured when they entrust their cases to him they are not in the hands of an inexperienced physician, or a mere advertising one.

Dr. Von Moschzisker, when in Philadelphia, had a large and lucrative practice—never less than \$15,000 a year, as his books will show. This present move was adopted for the purpose of at once gaining still greater experience in his specialties, and indulging his taste for travel—thus combining profit with pleasure.

All who desire to be Treated by him Specially for OCATARRH, DEAFNESS or THROAT DISEASES should call WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY in order to receive the full benefit of his treatment.

References to some of the best citizens of Fort Wayne can be examined at his rooms,

AVELINE HOUSE.

THE GREAT BARGAIN STORE

The Cheapest Store in the City.

NEW ARRIVALS

The Largest Stock and Cheapest Corsets.

BEAUTIFUL LINES

Of New Hosiery, Gloves, Ties, Fans, Embroideries, Scarfs, Barbs.

FANCY WORK MATERIALS.

Wax-work, etc., White Goods, Ruchings, Laces, Jewelry.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Novelties in Fancy Goods.

PRICES REDUCED.

No pains spared to please. Stamping and fancy work to order. Knives and shears sharpened.

Money Saved at

BOND'S NOVELTY STORE.

OWEN, PIXLEY & CO

Spring Clothing

SPRING CLOTHING

This is a subject that interests every man in the county, and the place of investment the most important.

TO GET THE BEST GOODS

And for the Least Money,

is your duty. No house in the state does more to secure the confidence of the people than ours, and that confidence never has and never will be abused.

We Always Do Precisely as We Advertise,

and no establishment in the line in America has the advantage of us, as we manufacture all our clothing, giving us an advantage of 15 to 25 percent over other houses.

Our Stock is Complete in

Men's, Boys' & Children's Suits

Of All Sizes and Ages.

OWEN, PIXLEY & CO.,

15 and 17 Court Street, near Postoffice.

Absolutely Safe!

THE CELEBRATED

Adams & Westlake

WIRE GAUZE

NON-EXPLOSIVE

Oil Stove!

—FOR—

Baking, Broiling, Ironing,

BOILING

My work done on a cook stove.

Expense Less than One Cent per Hour.

PRESCOTT BROS. & CO.

apl911tr

A Good Sized Imported

CIGAR

For 10 Cents.

Warranted Fresh.

MORDHURST'S

DRUG STORE,

Opposite Aveline House.



ROOT AND COMPANY.

Silks.

The superiority of our Silk Department over that of any other house in the city is a long-established fact. We have never before, however, been able to offer the same inducements in that department to purchasers that we now can.

Dress Silks

In all the new and desirable shades and designs.

Trimming Silks and Satins

We have now in stock an unusually fine line of

American Silks,

In plain and brocaded patterns, so justly celebrated for their beauty of colorings and designs, and great durability.

Black Silks.

Besides an elegant assortment of black dress silks, we have recently received several pieces of

Mantilla Silks,

27 inches wide, and just the thing in every way for the purpose. We have always made our Silk Department a specialty, and are satisfied with the lowest possible prices consistent with the best class of goods.

Grenadines

In black and colors and in all the new and tasteful designs, at exceedingly low prices.

Black Cashmeres.

In these goods we keep only the makes of established reputation for purity of dye and excellence of make and finish. We are offering these goods at prices that must command the attention of the closest buyers.

Mourning Goods.

We are now able to display everything desirable in this line, and at our well known low prices.

Suit Department.

We have many attractions in this department, and some special bargains well worth looking at. This department is especially interesting at this time.

Fringes.

We have an elegant line of silk and grass fringes in all colors, ranging in price from 40c to \$4. The low prices that we have made on these goods have given them an extraordinary sale this season.

Notions, Etc.

We here mention a few specialties under this head. **Sleeve and Dress Ornaments** in large variety. Some of the most exquisite buttons are offered—each one a work of art. New line of **Ereton and Trenchon Lace**. Beautiful **Faced Ribbons** in all the new and desirable shades and combinations. The complete line of **Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's** gloves and hosiery ever before offered by us. **Lace mitts** in black and colors.

Root & Company

CALHOUN STREET.

REMOVED,

Geo. W. Loag, Dentist to his new rooms over Mayner & Graft's jewelry store, corner of Calhoun and Columbia streets, where he can be found at all hours of the day and night. Prices in keeping with the times. 5-14**3m.

For the finest neck wear, best shirts and summer underwear, go to "Miller the Hatter," 34 Calhoun street. 28-4

Howe Sewing Machines and general sewing merchandise and supplies, at No. 140 Calhoun street.

Best and cheapest fishing tackle in the city 302 KANE BROS.

For pure ice cream go to the Model Coffee House and Ice Cream Parlors. 30-2

The largest and best assortment of straw hats in the city at Ed. Golden's hat store, 54 Calhoun street. 30-2

SILKS.

LOUIS WOLF.

Enormous Reductions in Silks.

I have this day placed on sale the largest and best assortment of silks ever been brought to this city.

The following are a few of the bargains which I will mention:

BLACK GROS GRAIN SILKS,

75c per yd.

Rich Black Gros Grain Silks,

85c and \$1 per yd.

Satin Finish Black Gros Grain Silks,

\$1, \$1.10 and \$1.25 per yd.

Extra Rich and Heavy Black Gros Grain Silks,

\$1.35, 1.45, 1.65, 1.85 and \$2 per yd.

800 Yards of Colored Silks, brightest, full bodied, handsome, finest, desirable shades at 75 cents per yard.

Much Under Value.

ALSO

Let of spring fancy silks, choice styles, same quality sold last season for \$1, now for 75c.

Good line of fancy silks, good quality, 60c per yard.

Fancy summer silks, in a desirable shade, 50c per yard; sell everywhere at 60c.

ALSO, an elegant assortment of Black and Colored Broadcades, Silk, Satin Striped Watered Silks.

Black Satin and Moire Striped Satin at 75c and \$1 per yard, which is considerable under value.

These bargains are worthy the immediate attention of intending purchasers as the quantity is limited, and the goods cannot be replaced at the money.

Louis Wolf,

No. 7 Keystone Block,

Calhoun Street, Port Wayne, Ind.

Owing to the scarcity of houses rents are somewhat advancing, and prices on real estate are tending upwards. Parties desiring to invest will do well to see what Isaac d'Isay can offer them, as he has property for sale in all parts of the city.

The best and richest ice cream in the city at Geo. Brown's, 112 Calhoun street; also cakes, bread, candy, cigars, etc. 302

Fishing and excursion parties of five or more to Pleasant Lake and Clear Lake at Montgomery can get half fare rates over the Jackson road. 29

Basket Meeting.

The Universalists hold a basket meeting at Rome City, Ind., on Sunday, June 1st. A special train leaves Fort Wayne south depot at 9 a. m., on that day. Round trip \$1.00, children half price. This fare includes a steamboat ride.

Round trip to Rome City in the morning only \$1. Plenty of tickets for sale at the train.

Dr. Von Moschzisker's regular column will be found on the first page. The doctor is now fully established, and has already shown that he was fully deserving the reputation he had gained in every city visited by him. His success in the maladies treated by him has never been equalled by any specialist. Let no one who needs his medical services fail to profit by the opportunity they have to avail themselves thereof, at his rooms in the Aveline house, where can be examined the testimonials of some of the best citizens, and from several of the very best known men in the country who have been treated by him.

Old papers for sale at the SENTINEL office.

Real Estate.

100 lots in Hamilton's addition, adjoining the Wabash depot, south, lying between Calhoun and Lafayette streets, are now offered for sale at bottom figures. As these lots are the most desirable in the city for building purposes, and never having been in the market before, there will be a great rush for them. Call soon and take your choice. Terms easy on long time. Wm. Toss, Agent, No. 26 Court Street.

Great closing out sale—Revolution Boot and Shoe Store.

Removal.

Mr. Charles Sheidel has removed his barber shop from the Jacobson building to the room opposite, over the Yankee Grocery. 30-10

Isaac d'Isay, the land agent, has some very choice farms in Kansas to offer for city property, clear or encumbered.

Picnic Goods.

Lemons, Sardines, Pickles, Jellies, Canned Mackerel, Canned Lobsters, Canned Salmon, Deviled Turkey, Deviled Chicken, Deviled Tongue, Condensed Milk, Crackers and Cheese, Lunch Baskets, 5c each, At the YANKEE GROCERY. 30-2

Great closing out sale—Revolution Boot and Shoe Store.

Wood.

\$1.50 a load, sawed and split hickory for summer use. The cheapest wood in the city. Leave orders with C. B. Woodworth & Co., or 220 Calhoun street. MUIRHEAD & METHLEY.

Beys' wagons from 90c up at 302 KANE BROS.

Fact.

"Miller the Hatter" has the finest line of straw hats in town and at prices that defy competition. 28-4

Great closing out sale—Revolution Boot and Shoe Store.

EXCURSION TO CINCINNATI.

Benefit of Home for the Friendless. Trains leave Muncie depot at 10.40 a. m., daily June 9th, 10th 11th, 12th 13th. Tickets good to return by all regular trains leaving Cincinnati at 9 a. m. and 5 p. m., until June 16th. \$2.50 round trip. Tickets now on sale at Woodworth's drug store.

Call on "Miller the Hatter" 34 Calhoun street. 28-4

Grand Excursions.

Beginning the 9th of June, passengers will be carried over the Muncie road to the great Sengerfest at excursion rates. The excursions will run the 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th and 18th prox. These excursions will be given under the auspices of the ladies of the Home for the Friendless. This will be a rare opportunity to visit Cincinnati and the great Sengerfest at very little expense.

Seventeen cars have been provided for the Rome City excursion to-morrow.

Don't fail to examine the large stock of Mackinaw and plain straw hats at Ed. Golden's, 54 Calhoun street.

Home for the Sengerfest.

The Sengerbund and Arion Societies will go to the Sengerfest at Cincinnati, leaving here on the evening of the 10th of June via the Fort Wayne and Richmond Railroad. Trains leave the South Depot on Tuesday, June 10th, at 10 o'clock p. m.; Decatur at 11 p. m., arriving in Cincinnati on the morning of June 11th at 6 o'clock. Tickets for the round trip, \$3.00. Return tickets good on any train until Monday, June 16th.

Male quartette composed of Page, Taylor, Lang and Yarnelle, at First Baptist Church, Friday, June 6. Wm. Harkemper has consented to sing the solo, "It was a dream." 31-1

Excursion train for Rome City leaves in the morning at 9 o'clock.

GOING TO CINCINNATI?

Patronize the Home of the Friendless Excursions.

Beginning the 9th of June trains will leave the city over the Muncie road daily for Cincinnati at excursion rates, thus affording all an opportunity to visit the great Sengerfest at very low prices. These excursions will be under the exclusive control and management, and for the benefit of that noble charity, the Home for the Friendless. Tickets for sale at Anderson's grocery on Broadway, and at room No. 25 over the postoffice.

If you want pure ice cream for Sunday dinner go to the Model Coffee House.

The commencement at the Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart is to be on the morning of the 26th inst., instead of evening, as stated previously in the SENTINEL. 31

The male quartette, composed of Messrs. Page, Taylor, Lang and Yarnelle, will sing at the concert at the Baptist Church. Those who have heard them sing say it is well worth the price of admission.

Old papers for sale at the SENTINEL office.

The picnic at the park to-morrow under the auspices of the Arion and Sengerbund societies promises to be a success. All who wish a day's enjoyment should not fail to attend. 31-1

An elegant prize to be given this week again at No. 5 Keystone Block, Calhoun street. 29-31

Try Langohr's Vienna bread.

Prof. Heath will entertain the audience at the concert at the First Baptist Church with a trombone solo. It is a treat to hear him.

Williams's Grove.

On Creighton avenue, has been fitted up with seats, refreshment stands and music stand for the accommodation of those desiring a pleasant resort for picnics and pleasure parties. It is situated in the most beautiful suburban portion of the city, easy of access by street cars and naturally one of the most lovely spots in this vicinity. Application for its use should be made at the street car office, corner Main and Calhoun streets.

Finest assortment of bird cages in the city at Kane Brothers. 30-2

HO FOR ROME CITY.

Grand Excursion, June 25th.

There will be a grand excursion to Rome City on the 25th of June, under the auspices of the Salem German Reformed Church. Tickets only \$1; children 50 cents. Don't fail to go, everybody, and have a good time. Tickets can be obtained from the members of Salem Church.

Carriages from \$2.50 up at Kane Brothers. 30-2

Great closing out sale—Revolution Boot and Shoe Store.

Joint fishing rods, just the thing for picnics, only 50c, at 302 KANE BROS.

Flour and Potatoes Down.

Best Flour, per bbl, \$5. Early Rose Potatoes, 75c bushel. FRUIT HOUSE.

Have you seen those Mackinaw straw hats at Ed. Golden's, 54 Calhoun street? They are beauties. 30-2

Gus Strodel, 10 East Berry street. Lunch to-night. Turtle soup, cold slaw, ham, potato salad, etc., etc. 311

An official meeting of directors of the Home for the Friendless was held at the Home on yesterday—the first regular meeting since the installation of the new trustees and their first two weeks ago. At the meeting it was reported that the net proceeds paid into the treasury was \$68.97. They have also received from other sources two bedsteads. They hereby return thanks for their liberal patronage, and to those who generously contributed. They desire to say that any cast-off clothing, carpet-rags, and a second-hand cupboard will be kindly received and thankfully accepted.

At Elkhart yesterday, Palma, of Coldwater, Mich., won the 3:30 trot. Russ, Ellis second, Elffe G., third, Bell Smith fourth. Time 2:50 and 2:52. In the 2:19 class Benesetter of Chicago, took first money, \$300; Monroe Chief, of Chicago, second money, \$200; Wheel, of Elkhart, third money, \$100; Elsie Good, of Rushville, fourth money, \$50; Loafer, of Detroit, distanced. Time, 2:25, 2:26, 2:27 and 2:28.

The trustees will elect a county superintendent next Monday in the agricultural room at the court house. There are seven candidates in the race, but their names have not all been disclosed. Some of the principal publishing house men in the country are in the city and will remain to witness the contest.

No effort will be made to secure the admission of Jacob Fink into the state insane hospital. His insanity is periodical and is ascribed to hot weather and sour cider. He will be kept in jail as long as his insane freak continues. A stylish turn out made its appearance on the streets to-day. A cart, with liveried footman, and drawn by a pair of handsome grays. Fort Wayne is gradually getting some style to her.

Last Saturday night four old bums made night hideouts at a saloon in Nebraska. They threaten another rehearsal to-night, to the great dismay of the peaceable citizens of Nebraska.

W. W. Allgeier, formerly with Bowser & Story, but now of Grand Rapids, is in town visiting his many friends. He is the guest of Mrs. Temme, 12 Erie street.

Robert Lowry, jr., of the Auburn Courier, is in town to-day, en route for Valparaiso on important business.

BREVITIES.

George Hazard is at Logansport.

Hazard's troubles are not yet over. Gus Strodel massacred his turtles. There is a great demand for servant girls.

Hon. A. P. Edgerton is at Hicksville.

There is considerable sickness among children.

Mrs. John H. Cody is seriously ill with pleurisy.

James Byfield, of Auburn, was in town yesterday.

The liverwort man is laying for peeler Connors.

Reports of the wheat prospects are very encouraging.

No services at the Universalist Church to-morrow.

Those Lafayette Hall dances are disgraceful affairs.

Daniel Walker died yesterday of congestion of the brain.

The Hamilton Bank directors met this morning at 10 o'clock.

Belmont Prince will probably be brought home in a few days.

The city assessors will probably complete their returns to-day.

The Italian serenaders are about town, gathering in the nickels.

The feeder aqueduct was full of young swimmers last evening.

Supt. Hillegass was visiting schools in Adams township the past week.

Fort Wayne was not represented at the Huntington canal convention.

The schools in the country will be generally closed in about two weeks.

Pat Conover is reveling in the ecstatic sublimity of a fit of "room-ticks."

Wm. Roberts & Co. will probably rebuild their factory at Maples at once.

James Nelligan is building a large addition to his house on West Lewis street.

Judge Huestis will put in the heated term at Long Branch and Manhattan Beach.

Judge O'Rourke is going to Decatur on Monday to try several cases for Judge Bobo.

Seventy-five applications for liquor licenses have been filed in the county auditor's office.

The gutter on the north side of West Jefferson street, near Calhoun, is in bad condition.

The second installment of Ouida's thrilling novel of "Bebe," will be found elsewhere.

After paying all the expenses of Decoration Day, there will be a small balance on hand.

C. L. Centlivre is making extensive repairs and improvements at the French brewery.

This is the last day for assessors to make their returns. They have not all reported however.

Perrin's colt is a beauty. It was sired by Belmont Prince dam sired by Kentucky Whig.

Esseliah will go to the St. Louis races, thence to Chicago before being brought back to this city.

Rev. Ernst Stunz, of Lincoln, Neb., and Miss Bettie Lehman, of this city, will be married in a few days.

A city paper reports that the superior court has been discharged. That must have surprised Judge Lowry.

The Rome City train in the morning will stop at Broadway to accommodate those going from the west end.

Rev. J. Dobson, pastor of the Muncie Universalist Church will assist in the services at Rome City to-morrow.

Several proposals were handed in for the Hoagland school improvement. The contract will be awarded on Monday.

Boss Broommaker Potter, of Nebraska, has gone out to Roanoke frog hunting. He will camp out several days.

There is no doubt that the alleged Burlager robber, now in jail, is an old penitentiary bird, notwithstanding his denial.

A west end lady made a charitable attempt to disinfect the News office by presenting the editor with a handsome bouquet.

Jacob Fry, of Nebraska, cut his knee with a sickle, the other day, since which time he has been laid up. He is now able to hobble around with a cane.

Geo. Richards had his hand badly lacerated in Olds's factory yesterday afternoon. He was attended by Dr. C. H. Orton at Tons & Mollering's drug store.

Geo. Merrimon, who was ticket agent of the Pittsburgh road in this city a number of years ago, died at Golden City, Nev., on Thursday. No particulars.

The late rain diluted the whisky in this city to such an extent that no one could jamboree yesterday, therefore there was no police court to-day.

The regular monthly examination of teachers is being held to-day in the agricultural room. There are forty applicants for license. It is hardly to be expected that any of them will fail. Oh no.

Dr. Stone will preach to-morrow on the "Multiplied Conquests of Christ and His World-wide Reign," and in the evening on "Heroic Living and Daring—Triumphant Dying and Glorious Remembrance."

Messrs. Fowler and Meegan intend making a piscatorial raid, to-day. For some unaccountable reason they did not go. They evidently did not wish the responsibility of prostrating the living interests of the country by their absence.

The race for county superintendent in White county runs high. I. B. McDonald and A. J. Douglas, the present incumbent, are the candidates, with the chances in favor of the former. In Wabash county, there are three candidates for the same place, each of them backed by one of the most influential and wealthy publishing houses in the country, some of them having as high as ten men working for their respective favorites.

EXTRA CARD

BY

Dr. Von MOSCHZISKER.

—OFFICE—

Aveline House.

Since DR. VON MOSCHZISKER'S arrival in the west he has frequently been told by those coming to him for examination that they have already been treated by THIS and THAT PHYSICIAN, or visited noted specialists in Cincinnati, St. Louis or Louisville, and been sent back to their homes with little or no benefit. Such persons, instead of feeling discouraged, should reflect that neither Dr. —, or Dr. so and so, although possessing reputation, is not necessarily the epitome of medical knowledge, and that Specialism is the lowest degree of art where it is not fertilized by general knowledge, the highest where it is the caprice of Science. That to be a successful practitioner in any special class of diseases, all constitutional causes producing disorder must be investigated, all the teachings of physiology and general pathology held in mind, and all the extended knowledge of the influence of remedies and of hygienic methods laid under contribution in order to arrive at a correct diagnosis, and to insure a good result from treatment. This is the only secret of my success in the treatment of special maladies.

To gentlemen of the profession who have paid any attention to the branches of Medical and Surgical Science to which Dr. Von Moschzisker devoted himself, his name cannot be unknown.

Those familiar with current medical literature must know that it was he who first demonstrated and proved the possibility of perforation of the Tympanum being healed. Who but he fought the bugbear called Nervous Deafness, behind which spurious diagnosis hundreds have cloaked their ignorance of Aural diseases thereby condemning myriads of confiding sufferers to the unnecessary horror of long deafness?

He was the first physician who brought to this country and used the Laryngoscope and practiced Rhinoscopy in America, while other physicians in this country only knew of these appliances through foreign medical publications. He had practiced the inflation of the Tympanum and the Eustachian tube four years, before what is called Politzer's method was given to the world, Politzer's work being published in 1888, and Dr. von Moschzisker's, in which this is found, in 1864.

New Methods of Examination—New Hope.

In his examination Dr. von Moschzisker brings to his aid many instruments new and never used in ordinary practice. Some of these are of his own invention, and others have been imported, at an immense outlay, expressly by him, and are the most perfect that human ingenuity can devise or skill produce. Some bring distinctly into view, as the laryngoscope, otoscope, ophthalmoscope and various special diseased structures, allowing all the symptoms of disease to be detected, and enabling applications to be made directly to the diseased parts. Other instruments detect the least increase in temperature caused by disease, or note the slightest derangement of the Kidneys, Bladder, Heart, Lungs or Bronchial Tubes.

Catarrh—its Speedy and permanent Cure.

Dr. Von Moschzisker confidently asserts that but one practical, successful method of relieving and curing it has ever been discovered, and that is the one discovered by him. He has testimonials of hundreds of the severest cases cured by him.

Dr. Von Moschzisker feels justified in laying these facts before the public that they may feel assured when they entrust their cases to him when they are not in the hands of an inexperienced physician, or a mere advertising one.

Dr. Von Moschzisker, when in Philadelphia, had a large and lucrative practice—never less than \$15,000 a year, as his books will show. This present move was adopted for the purpose of at once gaining still greater experience in his specialties, and indulging his taste for travel—thus combining profit with pleasure.

All who desire to be Treated by him Specially for CATARRH, DEAFNESS or THROAT DISEASES should call WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY in order to receive the full benefit of his treatment.

References to some of the best citizens of Fort Wayne can be examined at his rooms,

AVELINE HOUSE.